



## THE DOG OF MELAI.

*(Concluded.)*

"IT appears incredible that a single fugitive could have escaped unknown, through a country of war and tumult; but at the beginning of my flight, I had chosen clothes and turban of the most common sort; my horse was fleet and good, but nothing less than handsome; and in short, I was protected by him in whose power it is to strike the eye of an enemy with blindness, and the arm with impotence, when he intends to save us. My plan was thus to steal along as far as Persia; and I might be distant from the frontiers about twenty miles, when I, one evening, applied for shelter in a farm house, and obtained it. I sat at table and ate, or at least pretended I could eat; there entered a young soldier, who came just home from the action, and as I soon learned, was the son of my host. They welcomed him with acclamations; and their enquiries how every thing stood? how he had fared? on which side he had fought? what the unfortunate? what the new monarch was doing? these, and a thousand other ques-

tions, almost deafened the youth. He was one of those who, during the battle, had gone over to Mahmud; he exalted the liberality of the victor to the utmost; he related, that my capital had joyfully opened its gates to the new sovereign; that he had entered it triumphantly by the side of Gulmanac; and ended by saying, that my head was not worth less than a province. During this harrangue I sat in such a manner, that he could not easily see my face; he appeared to be very curious of doing so, and as he at last from time to time succeeded, he conversed whispering with his father a few moments.

"It is true, I only understood a few words; but among those few was the word suspicious, and soon after he departed. More was not necessary to fill me with apprehensions; I feigned to be sleepy, seized a pretext to go out once more before bed-time, hurried into a garden near to the house; and having mounted my horse, took to flight, leaping over fences and ditches.

"I had hardly got a hundred yards, before I heard myself called

after ; and in about a quarter of an hour, I perceived, by the glimmering of the moon, some appearances which seemed to be moving about, a great way off. I remained not a moment in doubt of their being persons who were pursuing me ; but I relied on my excellent horse, and not without reason ; for I soon could no longer distinguish those appearances ; I rode, or rather raced the whole night through in this manner ; I always purposely avoided the high road, and I soon saw that I had but too much avoided it ; for by break of day I found myself in a large sandy plain. I grieved for my horse, yet my safety was to me—to me, barbarian—of perhaps greater value than the life of the poor horse ; I continued now and then to press him forward ; he performed what he could ; towards noon, when the sun was at its height, he fell down with fatigue, and without the power of raising himself up again.

“ And you also forsake me ? I cried out, as I loosened his girths and bridle ; poor animal ! at least with thee thy will expired only with thy ability. Oh ! that the base wretches with whom I was surrounded, whom I brought up, whom I nourished—ah, whom I considered as my friends, had only performed their duty half so well ! with tears I left him ; I would have sacrificed one of my arms, if through that I could have had it in my power to have helped him ; but for myself, there was no where

either strength or comfort. On foot I now continued my flight. Necessity constrained me to approach the first village, which after some hours I perceived ; I bought here some food, gave myself out for a merchant, who had fallen among robbers, and asked the way to Persia. They answered me, that there were two, the one was a high road, but very much about ; the other was considerably nearer, but lonely and dangerous, because it was very easy to lose one's self in the desert, of which I had crossed only a small corner.” I chose the latter, and at the end of the third day, found myself really in that predicament, from which they had warned me.

“ If the lot of any person, in a desert, without a village, without a guide, without food, without a path, without knowledge or hope, be sufficiently dreadful, how terrible must it be for a prince, trained up in effeminacy, and grown grey in prosperity ; who had every care of this kind warded off by his attendants, every misery lightened, every want removed far away from him ! And yet, with emaciated body, I dragged myself along one more day and night. My strength was at an end ; not so was the desert.

“ The sun now went down, and as I imagined, my last. No singing of birds attended it, for no one thing existed around me, my dog excepted ! No redness of the sky followed ; for the air was much too



clear of vapours. No dew fell, for all around was a burning sand. I threw myself sorrowfully down on one of the sand hillocks. Here, said I, will I lie; lie and slumber the eternal sleep! How enfeebled was I! close to me nestled my dog, who looked on me, and moaned. He also had not eat any thing the whole day; faithfully had I, the day before, divided with him my last morsel of bread. I now bent weeping over him, caressed him, and exclaimed, how gladly would I feed you, had I only a few crumbs of bread for myself remaining?—As if he understood the words; as if he had interpreted the tears in my eyes, he regarded me fixedly; licked once more my chin and hands, sprung up quickly, and flew off.

“Perhaps, my dear Melonion, it may to you be incredible, but I swear to you, that among all the trials I before and since have suffered, this last was the most severe, the only one which I sank under.—At last even him! I exclaimed; my feelings unmanned me; I sunk down, and lost speech and recollection. I know not how long I may have continued laying in that manner; but at least some hours must have elapsed, for it was just as the day began to break, that a pulling and scratching awoke me; I painfully lifted up my breaking eyes, and perceived—my returned friend, whom I had conceived faithless. His mouth was bloody, and at my feet lay an ani-

mal, of a species to me unknown, but which looked very much like a rabbit. When he perceived that I was awake, he moaned gently once more; lifted up his booty, and laid it in my lap.—Not one word of my sensations; I am speaking with a man whose eyes inform me what his heart feels.

“Undoubtedly what my preserver offered me was no royal dish; yet no one of all those I had formerly, in all the splendour of majesty, partaken of, appeared so sumptuous to me, or revived me so efficaciously, as this little raw morsel. I now proceeded on my perigrination; saw myself towards afternoon on rather a beaten path, at the day's close on Persian ground, and by times the next morning, in a small town. My money still lasted long enough to feed me for a couple of days; an hospitable old man lodged me. I crept, as soon as I had an opportunity, into the most remote corner of the house, and with much trouble, broke out of my father's ring, the first and smallest of the stones. The price I received for it maintained me till I arrived at Ispahan. I travelled thither in company, or rather under the protection of a caravan; for during the whole journey, I hardly spoke an hundred words, answered every question with a monosyllable, and never proffered one.

“When arrived at Ispahan, we found every street full of people,

and in commotion. My companions asked the reason of the tumult; before they could learn it, I already saw it with my own eyes; saw it, and my mind had again a trial for all its fortitude, not to betray me. It was neither more nor less than the entry of the ambassador from the usurper of my throne. He was mounted on the elephant I used to ride, and the envoy himself had been one of my favourites. How many thousand times had he formerly sworn to me eternal fidelity! he now came to demand my death.

"What I surmised now came to pass. I once, it is true, quite against the general conduct of neighbouring monarchs, in a dangerous rebellion, had been the means of keeping the King of Persia on his throne; yet now, to please the malicious conqueror, he by public proclamation, set a great reward on my head, and with it so minute a description of my person, was given, that any one, even at the first view, must have known me—supposing that I really had remained the same as I had been on the throne. Yet, minutely as the painter had taken off my likeness, one circumstance had certainly not come under his consideration, nor yet could it—the alteration which in the interim my misery had occasioned. That unfortunate being, whom his faithful dog had delivered from death, resembled so little the one who had fled from the field of battle, that

quite safe from ever being recognized, I could remain a full month at Ispahan. I then, at my convenience, removed further on, till I came to Constantinople: there I bought a small retired house, and have lived sixteen years, totally secluded from that shameful race of men. My economy required but little; my ring from time to time furnished me with that little. Never have I stooped to ask a favor; never have I wished back again the burthen of a throne; never murmured at my fate; never again shed a tear till yesterday, when my companion, my friend and deliverer, my Murkim died. He died of old age; still in the last pangs, he licked my hand; unwillingly he appeared to die, unwillingly he must have died, for he was separating from me."

The old man faltered here a few seconds, then proceeded:—"My history is drawing towards its close; of eleven stones, I have yet two remaining: they are the most precious of them all; of my days, certainly but few remain; the smallest jewel is sufficient for those few. Take the largest, and honour with your chissel a being, which was undoubtedly, only a dog, but if you will speak sincerely, was possessed of nobler feelings than many a man, hero, or conqueror."

During this relation, which partook more of the warmth of the relator, than it is possible for the



pen of an historian to express, the eyes of the artist overflowed often, very often, with tears; now that Melai had concluded, Melonion required some minutes before he could dry his cheeks, and find words to speak.

"O monarch!" stammered he at length—

"Not monarch! that I was once. Regard in me now only the old man."

"Noblest old man, then! how deeply has your fate affected me! with feelings how warm do I thank you, that you will make use of my poor abilities for a subject, which certainly appeared to me at first a debasement, but which now will be to me of more value, than the mausoleum of many a prince—only grant me first two requests."

"Two for one!—Well, then, let me hear; what are they?"

"Keep your stone! Fate has bestowed on me property sufficient. Enough of my former years has been dedicated merely to industry and profit; my next will I devote solely to you, and my own pleasure. This is my first request; and be this my second; well-grounded as your misanthropy appears to be, do not give up entirely your faith in the virtue of man! what by instinct in animals is so often effected, sensibility and reflexion can now and then, should it even happen but seldom, be produced with us. I certainly have

no crown to offer you as a substitute for the one you have lost; but your last, your heaviest loss, the loss of a friend, perhaps it may be in my power to supply.

"You?"

"Yes, me! forsake your retirement! Be master of my house; be with me, father and king! contemplate from time to time, with your own eyes, the progress of that monument which is to do honour to your favourite."

The source of which I made use, in composing this tale, was at once dried up. I only found related in but very few words, that the old man, after repeated denials, at last had consented to pass the remainder of his life with Melonion; that he never repented, and that a monument of the finest alabaster, to the remembrance of the faithful dog, had really been executed. The signification of it must undoubtedly have appeared, to a great number of spectators, very obscure, and to no one, in reality, intelligible; but after the death of the monarch, Melonion imparted to many, the history and meaning of the monument; and it is said to have been in being at the time when Muhamed made himself master of Constantinople.

---

He who welcomes the look of the good, is good himself.

MEMOIRS OF  
**MAJOR GENERAL WAYNE.**

ANTHONY WAYNE, Major-General in the army of the United States of America, was one of the illustrious founders of the American Republic. He was born in Chester-County, Pennsylvania, in 1745. His grandfather bore a captain's commission in the battle of Boyne, under King William, and was distinguished for his attachment to the principles of liberty. The general's father was a respectable farmer, and served for many years as a representative for the county of Chester, in the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, before the revolution. His son succeeded him, as representative for the county, in 1773. In this eventful year, he began his career as a patriot and friend to the rights of man. He took an active part in all the measures of the Assembly that year, which were opposed to the claims of Great Britain; and in connexion with John Dickinson, Thomas Mifflin, Edward Biddle, Charles Thompson, and a few other gentlemen, prepared the way for the decided and useful part which Pennsylvania afterwards took in the American Revolution. In the year 1775, he quitted the council of his country for the field. He entered the army as a Colonel. His name recruited a regiment in a few weeks, in his native county. In the close of this year he accompanied Gen. Thompson into

Canada. Here he was soon carried into action. In the defeat of Gen. Thompson, he behaved with great bravery, and was singularly useful in saving a large body of the army, by the judicious manner in which he conducted their retreat, after the General was made prisoner. In this battle the General, then Colonel, received a flesh wound in the leg.

In the campaign of 1776, he served under General Gates, at Ticonderoga. General Gates esteemed him highly, not only for his courage, and other military talents, but for his knowledge as an Engineer. It was said of him that his eye was nearly equal to a measure in judging of heights and distances; a talent of incalculable consequence in an officer. At the close of this campaign, he was appointed a Brigadier-General. He bore an active part in the campaign of 1777.—He fought at Brandywine, and for a long time retarded the progress of the British army, crossing Chad's Ford. He fought at Germantown, and at Paoli, on Lancaster road. In the battles where he had a separate command, (and in which he was defeated) his coolness and intrepidity, in the midst of a bloody scene, sustained his character above censure, and added credit to the American arms. In 1778 he shared the honour of the victory over the British army at Monmouth. In the same year he distinguished himself by a bold attack upon a block



house, on the North river—it was rendered unsuccessful, according to the account given of it by Gen. Washington, in his letter to Congress, only by the intemperate valor of our troops. In 1779 he distinguished himself by storming and surprising Stony Point; in effecting this business, he marched several miles through a deep morass in the middle of the night. In the attack upon the fort, he was struck down with a ball, which grazed his head. It was expected that he was killed; but he soon rose, so as to rest upon one knee; feeling his situation, and believing his wound to be mortal, he cried out to one of his aids, "carry me forward, and let me die in the fort." When he entered it, he gave orders to stop the effusion of blood by the sword, and to make the garrison prisoners of war. This humane command was the more generous, as the garrison consisted of some of the troops who had used the bayonet without mercy at Paoli. In the year 1781, he bore an active part in the campaign, which reduced the army of Lord Cornwallis to the necessity of surrendering prisoners of war. After this event he was sent by General Washington to conduct the war in the state of Georgia. Here, his prudence, courage, and military skill, were amply tried; he contended with equal success with British soldiers, Indian savages, and American traitors. In a short time he established peace and liberty in that once distracted

state. As a reward for his eminent services, the Legislature of Georgia presented him with a valuable farm. Upon the return of peace, he retired to private pursuits. In 1787 he subscribed, as a member of the Pennsylvania convention, the instrument which declared the present Federal Constitution of the United States to be part of the supreme law of the land.

In the year 1792, he accepted the command of the American army, to be employed against the Indians, who for several years had carried on a successful and desolating war upon the frontiers of the United States.—In this situation, his military genius broke forth with accumulated lustre.—He disciplined and created an army. And by uniting in his system of tactics, Indian stratagem with civilized bravery, he led on his troops to victory, over numerous, and confederated tribes, and thereby gave peace on a single day to the United States. He died in a hut in the wilderness, remote from his friends, that his countrymen might enjoy in safety, beneath domestic shades, and in cultivated society, the peaceable fruits of his labours. Traveller, whoever thou art that shall visit the shores of the lake on which his body is interred, stop! and drop a tear in behalf of his country, over his grave. Plant near it a willow, which shall convey to it the dew of Heaven—and cut upon its bark in letters that shall grow with time, the name of

WAYNE, with the precious epithets of PATRIOT, HERO, and FRIEND!

#### A FRAGMENT.

\*\*\*\*\*HOW amiable the picture presented by sensibility in distress: amiable, though full of anguish. View it at the bed of a dying friend. Behold it committing the remains of that friend to the silent recesses of the tomb. The affections, bound, lacerated, and bleeding, lie at the foot of death; the heart, surcharged with anguish, appears ready to burst its bands; while the strength and support of the whole man seem to mingle with the descending clay and leave him, like the new-born babe, weak, helpless, and overcome.—What callous heart but pays to this a tribute of sympathy! What stoic but involuntarily anticipates the falling tear! What bosom echos not the piercing sigh! Can friendship behold it without solicitude as well as anguish? Frail as the summer flower, man bears not reiterated blasts in vain. He bends even to the first stroke of adversity—the second finds less strength to combat—another, and another comes, and soon seek his place in vain. But has distress no consolation! the wounded heart no solace? Behold, emanating from heaven, the merciful daughter of divinity—her countenance beaming consolation—see her support the sinking sufferer; she binds up

his broken wounds, and infuses into his soul a sweet tranquillity—cheerfulness once more lights up its ray—the eye of faith rests on scenes beyond the present, beyond the shadowy grave; while the renewed heart lifts its devout aspirations to the throne of Grace, and with pious hope, ejaculates, “Thy will be done.”

#### *For the Lady's Miscellany.*

MR. EDITOR,

Will you devote a vacant page to the following paper, which was found in the port folio of an amiable youth, lately deceased? It requires some degree of skill to trifle well, some share of sense, in order to talk good nonsense. In the composition to which I allude, though some of the puns are bad enough in all conscience I cannot but please myself with the thought that I discover some traces of that playful spirit which animated the Swifts and Sheridans, the Grays and Arbuthnots of past times, and with whom these classic wits held frequent converse.

*Nugari cum illo et discincti luderes donec decoqueretur.*

Yours, &c.

F\*\*\*\*\*.

LETTER FROM THE PEPPER-BOX  
TO THE SALT-BOX.

*Kitchen-dresser, Sept. 12, 1808.*

MY DEAR SALT,

NOT having an opportunity of approaching near enough yesterday during either dinner or sup-



per to speak to you, I have prevailed upon the Coal-box, who has formed a coalition with the grate, and is now going to mend the parlour fire, to deliver this letter into your saline hands. Its purpose is to congratulate you on your promotion from this scene of drudgery and pestilence, to the exalted station you now hold on the chimney-piece, whence you can look down upon the fire-shovel, tongs, and poker, lolling at their ease on the back of the fender, with all the contempt that such ironical sloth and luxury can inspire, proceeding generally from such *polished* persons. As to my own part, I feel a sad reverse, clad in my humble suit of tin, I stand upon the kitchen shelf, with my hand upon my side, subservient to the will of every menial servant; and although I stare at them with all my eyes (which you know are pretty numerous) and very frequently shake my head at them in a very violent and insignificant manner, yet they regard me not, but rattle me about till I am almost induced to cry out, severs the main. These insults generally commence about one o'clock, and continue till three, when I am dressed in a transparent suit of clothes, with a silver cag, and put to stand round a may-pole, with five or six people of known taste, clad in like manner, but of various properties, and dispositions. The first is a Mr. Mustard, who, although esteemed rather thick and clumsy, and somewhat difficult of access, is nevertheless a sharp,

pungent sort of fellow at bottom, so much so, that he has been known to take people by the nose, who were not well bred to it. One day, on his return from the dinner table, he presumed to bung up seven or eight of my eyes, with the dirt of his coat; upon which I sneezed in his face, and mustered up courage, and challenged him to box, (for I was then at all in the ring) but he thought fit to send an apology the next morning, by the spoon. The latter is one of his chief leaders, and his mother's name was Pearl. The next to him is a Mr. Vinegar, a sharp, crabbed fellow—I wish he was a man. The next, is a gentleman I know very little about, though I hear he is connected with my family, as well as that of being warm and chilly at the same time. Next is a Mr. Sugar-Castor, a hypocritical coxcomb, having a powdered head, with his eyes placed on the top, and generally bowing to ladies and children, of an apparently sweet disposition, but in reality, and at bottom, and one who, vinegar-like, sometimes creates intestine divisions. Miss Oil, the last in rotation, is of a quiet, gentle disposition, and no ways related to the family of the castors, being derived from a branch of the Olives, who I wish were better known in America. Thus, my dear salt, have I endeavoured to describe to you my situation, and cannot help admiring you, who are resorted to by all persons of taste, and without whose assistance every thing is insipid;

to be sure, the tax laid upon you lately, was rather a partial and pitiful measure, but you may be assured that it will only serve to make you deare to the farmer, as well as to the public in general. Adieu, my once chrystalized love! I hope we shall soon mingle over the blade bone of a shoulder of mutton, and making a devil of the cares of this life, crackle many an hour together on the grid iron of felicity. Mr. Black, and Mr. Cayenne, send their red hot loves, and I remain yours with the greatest warmth, and at all seasons  
PEPPER-BOX.

---

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ON DEATH.

..... Death has nothing to a just soul, but what is pleasing and desirable: arrived at the happy moment, he, without regret, sees a world perish, which he had never loved, and which to him had never appeared otherwise than a confusion of vanities: his eyes close with pleasure on all those vain shows which the earth offers, which he had always regarded as the splendor of a moment, and whose dangerous illusions he had never ceased to dread: he feels without uneasiness; what do I say?

with satisfaction, that mortal body, which had been the subject of all his temptation, and the fatal source of all his weaknesses, become clothed with immortality: he regrets nothing on the earth, where he leaves nothing; and from whence his heart flies along with his soul: he even complains not that he is carried off in the middle of his career, and that his days are concluded in the flower of his age: on the contrary, he thanks his deliverer, for having abridged his sufferings with his years, for having exacted only a portion of his debt, as the price of his eternity, and for having speedily consummated his sacrifice, lest a longer residence in a corrupted world should have perverted his heart. His trials, his mortifications, which had cost so much to the weakness of the flesh, are then his sweetest reflexions; he sees that all now vanish, except what he has done for God; that all now abandon him, his riches, relations, friends and dignities; his works alone remaining; and he is transported with joy, to think that he had never placed his trust in the favour of princes, in the children of men, in the vain hopes of fortune, in things which must soon perish, but in the Lord alone, who remaineth eternally, and in whose bosom he goes to experience that peace and tranquillity which mortals cannot bestow. Thus tranquil on the past, despising the present, transported to touch at last that futurity, the sole object of his



desires, already seeing the bosom of Abraham open to receive him, and the Son of Man seated at the right hand of his Father, holding out for him the crown of immortality, he sleeps, in the Lord, he is wafted by blessed spirits to the habitation of the holy, and returns to the place from whence he originally came.

*Massillon's Sermons.*

#### THE SEASONS.

Every season of the year, like the life of man, is intermixed, more or less with beauties; and deformities; with storms and sunshines; with scenes both delightful and disagreeable. Spring, like youth is the Season of animation, sprightliness and music. Winter, like old age, has more of fears than of hopes, more of pains than of pleasures; its days and nights are tedious and joyless; its prospects are depressing and gloomy. In Summer, as in ripening manhood, all is fervid, vigorous and productive. Autumn, like the mature age of man, is tranquil and sedate. It presented us first with loaded branches of ripened fruits; and then with fading beauties, falling leaves, nipping frosts, plaintive sounds, dying insects, growing tempests, unmelodious groves, naked hills, and pillaged fields. In the fading verdure of the woods; in the decaying, falling leaves of every tree, both the young and the old may view

themselves in a mirror, and learn their frailty, and rapid progress to dissolution. But however our bodies fade, let our virtue flourish.

General Sutton, brother to Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate, and calling one morning on Sir Robert Walpole, who was quite the reverse, found his servant shaving him. During the conversation, Sir Robert said, "John, you cut me;" and continued the former subject of discourse. Presently he said again, "John, you cut me;" but as mildly as before; and soon after he had occasion to say it a third time; when Sutton, starting up in a rage, said, swearing a great oath, and doubling his fist at the servant, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more, John, I'll knock you down."

#### ADDRESS.

Every one has a peculiar *address*. The *address* of the young men, consists in deceiving the women; the *address* of old men, in being deceived by them. With a courtier, *address* is the art of convenient submission. With a woman, dissimulation; with a coquette, being now complying, now repulsive. With a man of intrigue, it is cunning, and with the ambitious man policy. The *address* of a parasite, is shewn in *accidentally* dropping

in at the hour of dinner ; and the address of most debtors, is to conceal their address from their creditors !

M. de la Farre had long possessed an affection for Madame de la Sabhere. Visiting her one morning, and fixing his eyes steadily on her countenance, he suddenly exclaimed, " Bless me, what is the matter with your right eye ?"—" Ah ! la Farre," replied she, " you no longer love me, I have had the same defect my whole life, but passion blinded you too much, to discover it till this day."

#### ANECDOTE.

Beau Nash was one evening employed in collecting money for the Bath Hospital. A lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, " You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." " Yes, madam," says he, " that I will do with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop ;" then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, one, two, three, four, five—" Hold, hold, (says the duchess) consider what you are about." Consider your rank and fortune, madam, says Nash, and continued telling, six, seven, eight,

nine, ten. Here the duchess called again, and seemed angry.—" Pray compose yourself, madam, (cried Nash) and don't interrupt the work of charity ;" eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand—" Peace, madam," says Nash, " you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam, and upon the front of the building, madam," sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. " I won't pay a farthing more," says the duchess. " Charity hides a multitude of sins," replies Nash ; twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.—" Nash, (says she,) I protest you frighten me out of my wits. Lord ! I shall die !" " Madam, you will never die with doing good ; if you should, it would be better for you," answered Nash, and was about to proceed : but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued ; when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her grace for thirty guineas. The duchess seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him " stand farther, you ugly devil, for I hate the sight of you." But her grace afterwards, having a run of good luck, called Nash to her : " Come," said she, " I will be friends with you, though you are a fool ; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity."



*To the Patrons of the Lady's  
Miscellany.*

The present number completes the 8th volume of the Lady's Miscellany. The editor avails himself of the occasion to return his thanks to his patrons, and to solicit a continuance of their patronage. If his conduct has failed to obtain universal approbation, of which he is unconscious, he flatters himself that his efforts to give general satisfaction have not been entirely unavailing. Knowing, as the intelligent reader does, that the diversities of taste are as numerous as our occupations, the Editor has, through the course of the present volume, constantly had in view and he expects succeeded, in presenting a variegated "*dish of all sorts*." It would be unfair to judge of a single number: the volume must be the test, and by that he is willing to abide. He does not, however, lay claim to exclusive credit. To whatever degree of merit the volume may contain, several ladies and gentlemen have largely contributed; for which they will accept his unfeigned acknowledgments. Communicated selections, from works which the Editor had not the means of obtaining, have enriched the columns of the Miscellany. Our distinguished correspondent, JULIA FRANCESCA, merits and receives general applause for her elegant and chaste productions. We recognize in our friend EVELINA, poetic talent, which is rarely excelled. CHEVIOT, if his Eliza is as sensible of his worth, as we are of his genius, will make an easy conquest of her heart. ARATUS has contributed his share, and with considerable talent. Others, equally worthy of notice, deserve mention, but our limits are too confined.

The present proprietor being enabled from experience to calculate precisely

the expence of printing and publishing the Miscellany, (allowing for the very high price of paper, wear of types, &c.) finds that he is by no means compensated by the present rate of subscription: he is, therefore, obliged to enhance it to *One dollar and fifty cents* a volume,\* a rate which he confidently believes cannot be objected to by any one who will take the trouble to estimate the quantity of paper alone, which a single subscriber receives in six months. However, in order that the Lady's Miscellany may appear in a suitable dress, and to oblige many who have applied to the proprietor for that purpose, it shall henceforward be issued with a *blue cover*, on which will be inserted ADVERTISEMENTS. He would here observe, that it would be to the interest of those having fancy goods, or articles suitable for the toilette to dispose of, to avail themselves of this medium to present their bills of fare, as one more suitable than may immediately be imagined. The prices shall be moderate, and every attention paid to advertisers.

The *Index* to the present volume will be issued in the course of the ensuing week. Our patrons will also be waited on, when the proprietor confidently trusts his little demands will meet with that prompt attention which is so necessary to the well-being of the Lady's Miscellany.

Those intending to subscribe for the 9th volume, will please to do so as soon as possible in order that the publisher may observe a medium in the quantity he should print. Numbers, on account of not making application at the commencement of the present volume, have

---

\* Two volumes in a year. The volume comprises 416 pages, issued in weekly numbers of 16 pages each.

remained ungratified, on account of his not being able to serve them.

Patrons, who do not leave notice at the office to the contrary, will be considered as extending their patronage to their humble and obedient servant,

THE EDITOR.

A few copies of the next volume will be executed on paper of a superior quality, at two dollars per volume. Those wishing any of the above, will please give immediate notice.

#### Correspondence.

"Æsop," and "Daughter of Zion," in our next.—Several other favours as soon as possible.

Well written communications respectfully solicited.

MARRIAGES and DEATHS inserted in the Miscellany gratis.

#### MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. James Parks, of this city, Grocer, to Miss Alethia Marselles, of Bergen, New-Jersey.

By the rev. Mr. Hobart, James Fleming, Esq. to Miss Maria Matilda Ludlow.

At New Orleans, on the 25th ult. Benjamin F. Read, Esq. of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Catharine Pollock, daughter of George Pollock, Esq. all of that city.

On the 15th inst. by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Jacob Livingston, Esq. to Miss Catharine A. De Peyster.

On the 9th inst. by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. William Ashley, to Mrs. Mary Devoe.

At White-Plains, on Thursday, the 13th inst. by the rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Andrew L. Halstead, of this city, merchant, to Miss Lavinia Horton, of the former place.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Salem Wines to Miss Hannah Magee, all of this city.

On Friday evening, 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. D. Bryson to Miss Margaret Hoffman, all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. John Conrey to Miss Prudence Griffen, all of this city.

#### DIED,

On Thursday evening last, of a lingering and distressing illness, which she bore with exemplary piety and resignation to the divine will, Mrs. Frances Hirley, in the fifty third year of her age. The friends and acquaintances of the deceased are requested to attend her funeral to-morrow afternoon, at 4 o'clock from her late residence, No. 4 Maiden-Lane.

Suddenly, on Saturday last, in the 43d year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Glover, wife of John I. Glover, Esq. merchant, of this city.

After a short illness, Mr. William Gallagher.

Of a lingering illness, Mrs. Jane Fowler, wife of Capt. Pexcel Fowler, of this city.

On Saturday morning, Mrs. Mary Hawker, wife of Mr. B. Hawker.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Ann Malaby.

At Smithfield, Mass. in the 92d year of his age, Mr. James Mussey. He was a member of the respectable society of Friends, and his long life was a comment on the religion he professed. He was never known to have a dispute with any one, but was peaceable, honest and unoffending. To his fellow-men he has left an example worthy of imitation.

Our city inspector reports the death of 43 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.





.....  
For the Lady's Miscellany.  
.....

TO JULIA FRANCESCA.

I NOW can freely call you Julia, dear ;  
And tho' between us darken'd waters  
roll,  
Yet to my sympathising heart you're  
near ;  
And I can feel the sorrows of your  
soul !

Trust me, dear girl, 'tis Friendship's  
purest ray  
Presumes to point the path you must  
pursue,  
Which leads to perfect and eternal day,  
And safe from snares and dangers  
guides you through.

You say you've sorrows, true, dear girl,  
have I,  
Sorrows, imprinted deeply on my  
heart,  
Then where should we for consolation  
fly,  
But to our God, who will true bliss  
impart ?

Scarce fifteen years had run their annual  
round,  
When my dear mother breath'd her  
last sad sigh ;  
Then did this earth appear enchanted  
ground,  
And then did all its painted visions  
die !

Oh, could I walk the path which she  
has trod !

Her sweet example I most surely  
prize,  
Which leads from earth, to heaven and  
nature's God,  
And gains a lasting home beyond the  
skies !

You say, to my instructions you'll at-  
tend ;

The thought with pleasure animates  
my heart ;  
For tho' I need the counsel of a friend,  
Yet I rejoice, if I can truth impart.

Oh, had I power, while moments swift,  
ly roll

I'd clasp you to my breast, where  
friendship glows ;  
I'd calm the rising sorrows of your soul,  
And give you true and undisturb'd  
repose !

Yet, there's a powerful, heavenly arm  
above !

There put your trust, and rest your  
sorrows there,  
For he is *Power*, and *Wisdom*, *Truth*,  
and *Love*,  
And over all creation has a care.

Refinements please and elevate the soul,  
But these alone, will not true bliss se-  
cure ;

For something more our passions must  
controul,  
Before a God, so holy, just, and pure !

In that grand seat of elegance and wealth,  
Where you, my dear, tho' unknown  
friend, are plac'd,

Temptations will assault you, tho' by  
stealth,  
And often with the garb of virtue  
grac'd !

But, altho' vice too largely holds her  
sway,

Yet purest, truest virtue centers there ;

And Nature's noblest ornaments are  
they,  
Who seek religion, heavenly, mild,  
and fair !

You surely will assent to this known  
truth,  
That all below is mix'd with an alloy,  
Whether in age, or infancy, or youth,  
We find there is no pure, unmingled  
joy !

Then let us seek, while blest with health  
and youth,  
Those precepts bright, of piety and  
worth,  
Those soothing, blissful, and important  
truths,  
The angels sung at our REDEEM-  
ER'S birth.

You wish in *heaven* to meet your mother  
dear,  
And doubtless parted from her here  
in pain ;  
Then seek those joys, which check the  
rising tear,  
And you shall meet, and never part  
again !

EVELINA.

April, 1809.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

Thou hast play'd a false, a faithless  
part,  
Remorse will wait on thee ;  
Guilt has, alas ! seduc'd that heart,  
Which honour ow'd to me.

The truest, tenderest, love was mine,  
What have I felt for thee ?  
The soft, the fondest words were thine,  
Thou said'st thou lov'd but me.

Though fortune deck thy nuptial bow'r,  
Through pleasures round thee fly,

Each joy that marks the playful hour,  
Shall labour with a sigh.

And when reflecting moments come,  
For who from those are free ?  
Thou'lt mourn thy lost ELIZA'S doom,  
And lend a tear to me.

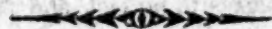
.....

### ELLEN OF THE VALE.

NEAR yonder grove, the seat of love,  
Where dwells the nightingale,  
In cottage neat, a cool retreat,  
Lives Ellen of the Vale.

The wealthy 'squire his heart's desire  
Pursues o'er hill and dale ;  
With eager love, in hopes to move  
Sweet Ellen of the Vale.

But still the maid, to all that's said,  
E'en love's most flatt'ring tale,  
Will not give ear ; for Colin Clare  
Loves Ellen of the Vale.



### TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

To be delivered to city subscrib-  
ers at \$ 1 50 a volume, *to be  
paid for at the conclusion of the vo-  
lume.* Persons residing out of this  
city, *to pay in advance.*

Postage of letters to the Editor  
must be paid, or their contents  
will not be attended to.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
EDWARD WHITELY,  
NO. 46 FAIR-*STREET*—NEW-YORK.



